My Lords you know the mightfull Gods,
How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares, there nought hath past
But euen with law against the wilfull sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*, And what and if
His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelmde his witts?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternes?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse,
See heres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercurie*.
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweete skrowles to flie about the streets of Rome,
Whats this but libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our vniustice euerie where,
A goodly humor is it not my Lords?
As who would say in Rome no iustice were.
But if I liue his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages,
But he and his shall know that iustice liues
In *Saturninus* health, whome if he sleepe,
Hele so awake as he in furie shall,
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that liues.

Tamora. My gratious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sonnes,
Whose losse hath pearst him deepe and skard his hart,
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts: why thus it shall become
Hie witted *Tamora* to glose with all,
But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: if *Aron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor in the port.

Enter

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow wouldst thou speak
Clowne. Yea forsooth & your Mistrisship
Tamora. Empresse I am, but yonder sits
Clow. Tis he, God and Saint *Steuen* giu
I haue brought you a letter and a couple o

He reads the letter.

Satur. Goe take him away and hang hi
Clow. How much money must I haue,
Tamora. Come sirra you must be hanged
Clowne. Hangd be Lady, then I haue bro
to a faire end.

Satur. Dispightfull and intollerable wro
Shall I endure this monstrous villanie?
I know from whence this same deuise proce
May this be borne as if his traitorous sonn
That dide by law for murther of our broth
Haue by my meanes bin butchered wrongfu
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the hair
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape priueledg
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter
Sly franticke wretch, that holpst to make m
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and

Enter Nutius Emilius.

Satur. What newes with thee *Emilius*?
Emilius. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer ha
The Gothes haue gathered head and with a